

Richard Cœur de Lion.

A N

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR SEDAINÉ. K -

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

by General Burgoyne

L O N D O N :

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[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

Richard Coeur de Lion.

A N

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

THE FIRST OF

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

BY THE REV. J. H. COLEMAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST OF THE CONQUEST

THE SECOND OF THE CONQUEST

THE THIRD OF THE CONQUEST

THE FOURTH OF THE CONQUEST

THE FIFTH OF THE CONQUEST

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN adapting the following scenes to the English stage, no adventitious matter has been introduced: some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece; the discovery of Richard's confinement being now given to Matilda in place of Blondel; as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this Romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Richard,	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
Blondel,	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Florestan,	—	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Sir Owen,	—	Mr. BANNISTER.
The Seneschal,	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Antonio,	—	Miss ROMANZINI.
Guillot,	—	Mr. SUETT.
Old Mathew,	—	Mr. FAWCETT.
William, (<i>servant to Sir</i> Owen)	}	Mr. SPENCER.
A Pilgrim, (<i>the friend of</i> Blondel)		Mr. CHAPLIN.

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

Matilda,	—	Mrs. JORDAN.
Laurette,	—	Mrs. CROUCH.
Dorcas,	—	Mrs. LOVE.
Julie,	—	Miss DE CAMP.
Collette,	—	Miss CRANFORD.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A View of a strong Castle, situated in a wild, mountainous Country—on one side a Rustic Mansion-house—on the other, a Stone Seat.

During the Overture several Peasants pass over the Stage, with their working tools as returning from their labour.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

COME sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow
For joy comes to-morrow.

B

COLLETTE.

COLLETTE.

Nor song, nor dance, nor joking,
 Can make me gay;
 Antonio—how provoking—
 Is far away.

C H O R U S.

Come, Collette, sing and play,
 For to-morrow's the day;
 Yes, to-morrow you know,
 To old Mathew's we go,
 To drink and be gay,
 To dance, sing, and play;
 Away with all sorrow,
 For joy comes to-morrow.

OLD MATHEW.

I am happy, I swear,
 My Dorcas, my dear,
 To think that to-morrow is our wedding day.

DORCAS.

Tho' we're sixty years old,
 Let the young ones behold,
 Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

C H O R U S.

Come sing, come dance,
 To-morrow's the day;
 Come sing, come dance,
 Old Mathew's wedding day.
 Yes, to-morrow you know,
 To his house we shall go,
 To drink and be gay,
 To dance, sing, and play;
 Away with all sorrow,
 For joy comes to-morrow.

[Exeunt]

MATILDA

MATILDA *after the last Chorus enters, led in by*
ANTONIO.

MATILDA.

Antonio: what sounds were those; surely they were
singing.

ANTONIO.

It is only the villagers who are returning from the
fields: the sun is setting, and they have done their
work.

MATILDA.

Where are we now, my little guide?

ANTONIO.

You are not far from a great old castle, with towers
and battlements, And there now, if you had your
fight, you might see two soldiers on the walls with their
cross-bows.

MATILDA.

I am sadly tir'd.

ANTONIO.

Stay—this way—here is a stone—it is made into a
seat—what a pity you cannot see the prospect! tho' so
wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. (*they*
sit down) Now just opposite to us is a very well looking
house, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

MATILDA.

Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we
can lodge there to-night.

ANTONIO.

I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a fo-
reigner, from England, as they say; and though he
is very passionate, all the village say he is very good-
natur'd. (*going, returns*) But shall I find you here when
I come back?

B 2

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those
can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will
not fail to return.

ANTONIO.

No, that I won't. (*going, stops*) But, Sir, there is
something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

MATILDA.

Well, Antonio—What is it?

ANTONIO.

Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry——

MATILDA.

Speak, Child!—tell me what is it?

ANTONIO.

Why it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not
be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

MATILDA.

How so, my little friend?

ANTONIO.

I must go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grand-
mother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my
grandson, who is their brother——

MATILDA.

Your grandson—Have you a grandson, Antonio?

ANTONIO.

No—their grandson, who is my brother, that's it—
is to be married at the same time, to a sweet pretty lit-
tle girl of the village.

MATILDA.

But what will become of me without a guide?

ANTONIO.

Oh! I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant;

and

and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

MATILDA,

You love dancing, Antonio?

S O N G.

ANTONIO.

I.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I seize,
And press it too whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say,
But we know better, sure, than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore;
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low,

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[Exit.

MATILDA.

Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may safely use my sight. (*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*) A fortress indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. It's appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild, and sequester'd spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive.—Oh Richard! my hero! my lov'd! what hardships may you not

not be enduring: nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world; but here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its Lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convents cell, I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

S O N G.

MATILDA.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
 By the faithless world forgot;
 I alone in exile rove,
 To lament thy hapless lot.
 I alone of all remain
 To unbind thy cruel chain,
 By the faithless world forgot;
 I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
 Least have strength to yield relief.
 Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!
 Thus the valiant you repay,
 In disasters heavy hour,
 Faithless friendship's far away.
 Yet, royal youth,
 One faithful heart,
 From tenderest truth,
 Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.
 Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
 By the faithless world forgot;
 I alone in exile rove,
 To lament thy hapless lot.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

2

But I hear a noise ; I must resume my disguise.

SIR OWEN. (*speaking without*)

I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

ENTER SIR OWEN AND GUILLOT, AND LAURETTE,
(*who remains behind.*)

GUILLOT.

Sir, 'twas the Governor sent me.

SIR OWEN.

The Governor !—what's the Governor to me ?

QUARTETTO.

MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, AND LAURETTE.

SIR OWEN.

What care I for the Governor ?

MATILDA.

Oh ! should it be this Governor. (*aside.*)

GUILLOT.

He sent me, I knew no better,
——— with the letter.

SIR OWEN.

My daughter listen to his art,
What my Laurette
So far forget

The modest virgin's duteous part.

——And thou—I pray, (*to Guillot*)

Good knave, shall I the postage pay ?

GUILLOT.

No, Sir, indeed,
There is no need,
I'm gone with speed.

SIR

SIR OWEN.

Pray tell your Governor,
 His hopes are vain
 Laurette to gain.
 His Lordship is by far too good,
 And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.

MATILDA.

If of this castle he should be
 The Governor—what joy for me. (*aside*)

GUILLOT.

Yet he's my Lord the Governor.

SIR OWEN.

What's he to me, your Governor;
 Begone, I say,
 You'd best not stay;
 And you, if ever I discover—(*To Laurette, who
 comes forward.*)

You lend an ear
 To this designing lover,
 Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.

MATILDA.

Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (*aside*)
 Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray, (*to them*)
 Your anger cease,
 Keep, keep the peace.

LAURETTE.

What can this be,
 I never see
 The Governor.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

9

MATILDA.

Ah ! should it be this Governor,

Ah ! should it be, what joy for me. (*aside*)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray.

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace. &c.

[*Exit Guillot.*

SIR OWEN.

Get into the house—in I say. (*Exit Laurette.*) She tells me she never sees him—that she never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The Governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter—and she is very obedient to her father—only she'll do nothing I bid her—I should like to know what all this is now. (*looking at the letter*) The Governor writes a military hand—his letters edge out a Cheveux de frize fashion—all zig-zag—like his own fortification—I can't make any way thro' it—I wish I had somebody to decipher it.—Oh ! here's a sort of an outlandish lad—I may trust him. Youngster—can you read ?

MATILDA.

Oh ! yes, Sir.—

SIR OWEN.

Well then read me this. (*Gives the letter.*)

MATILDA.

Oh indeed Sir ! I could once, but the cruel Saracens—

SIR OWEN.

The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you ?

MATILDA.

The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a

C

Cap-

10 RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Captain in King Richard's army! But have you not
seen a little boy?

Yes.

SIR OWEN.

MATILDA.

'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do
whatever you bid him. (*returning the letter.*)

SIR OWEN.

Oh! here he comes I believe.

ENTER ANTONIO

MATILDA.

Antonio, is that you?

ANTONIO.

Yes, 'tis I.

MATILDA.

Take the letter which the gentleman here will give
you, and read it aloud to him.

ANTONIO, *reading.*

“Beautiful Lauretta,

SIR OWEN.

Phaw!

ANTONIO.

“Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with extacy
“and gratitude, for the kind assurances you give me of
“eternal affection.”

SIR OWEN.

Eternal affection—and that puts him into an extacy
—very well.

MATILDA.

Pray let him go on.

ANTONIO.

“If my attendance on the prisoner whom I must
“not quit”——

SIR

Ye
love,

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION. H

SIR OWEN.

So much the better.

MATILDA.

The prisoner! (*aside.*)

ANTONIO.

"If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must
"not quit, would suffer me to go out during the day
"—I would hasten to throw myself"—

SIR OWEN.

Into the ditch of your castle I hope.

MATILDA.

Whom I must not quit. (*aside.*)—Read on quickly.
—(*to Antonio.*)

ANTONIO.

"I wou'd hasten to throw myself at your feet.—But
"if this night"—here are some words blotted out.

MATILDA.

Well, what follows.

ANTONIO.

"Contrive some means to inform me, at what hour
"I may speak to you. Your tender, faithful, and
"eternally constant,

"FLORESTAN."

SIR OWEN.

Here's a damn'd Governor for you—Oh! if I had
him in England on the top of Penmanmawr.

MATILDA.

What!—Are you a Briton then?

SIR OWEN.

Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to slaves of course, in
love, or out.—

MATILDA.

Glorious nation! But how comes it, Sir, that you are
settled so far from your native country?

SIR OWEN.

Oh! that's too long a story to tell you, but it would
not have happen'd if I hadn't gone to the Crusades at
Palestine.

MATILDA.

What, under the brave Richard?

SIR OWEN.

Brave! aye! I wou'd follow him to the world's end
—my ruin was no fault of his.—Well you must know,
that when I returned from Palestine, I found my fa-
ther was dead——

MATILDA.

He was very old perhaps.

SIR OWEN.

No—but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single
combat.

MATILDA.

What was the dispute?

SIR OWEN.

A rabbit—My father shot a rabbit on the right side
of a hedge, where his neighbour contended he was en-
titled only to shoot on the left.—So he slew my father,
and I reveng'd his death.

ANTONIO.

So there was two men kill'd for one rabbit.

MATILDA.

Of course—you fled——

SIR OWEN.

Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is since dead—
my castle and my lands were forfeited—and after
fighting her battles, I was sentenc'd by my ungrateful
country——

MATILDA

A hard and ill return indeed——

SIR OWEN.

No such thing, Sir.—'Twas justice, tho' severe; I
suffer no man to abuse my country, but myself.

MATILDA.

Heaven forbid I shou'd traduce it.—But, Sir, one
request.

SIR OWEN. (*looking out.*)

It must be they—stay good youth—I see some friends
whom I expect. If you wish refreshment—the poor
and friendless are never driven from my door. [*Exit.*

ENTER LAURETTE. (*from the house.*)

LAURETTE.

Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been
saying to you.

MATILDA,

Are you the pretty Laurette?

LAURETTE.

Yes, Sir.

MATILDA.

Your father is very angry—he knows the contents
of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

LAURETTE.

Yes—Florestan is his name—and did you read the
letter to my father?

MATILDA,

MATILDA.

No—not I—I am blind, alas!—it was my little guide.

ANTONIO.

Yes, but didn't you bid me read it?

[retires.]

LAURETTE.

Oh! I wish you had not done so.—

MATILDA.

Some other person wou'd.

LAURETTE.

That's true—and what did the letter say?

MATILDA.

It says that on account of the prisoner in that castle—and who *is* that prisoner?

LAURETTE.

Oh!—no one knows who it is.

MATILDA.

The Chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

LAURETTE.

Poor Florestan!

MATILDA.

——But that this night——

LAURETTE.

This night!

SONG.

S O N G.

LAURETTE.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently presses,
A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
Ah! more than blushes cou'd impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

MATILDA.

You love him then, Laurette?

LAURETTE.

Oh most dearly, that I do, day and night, truly
and sincerely.

MATILDA.

And do you not fear to own it?

LAURETTE.

No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-heart-
ed, and you speak gently to me; and then you cannot
see me. Whether I blush or not—and so—I am not
afraid.

MATILDA.

Pretty Laurette !

LAURETTE.

But who told you I was pretty ?

MATILDA.

Alas, being blind, I guess only by the voice ; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them ; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleness of your soul is overlook'd by the pride of their own high birth.

LAURETTE.

Well!—

MATILDA.

Well!—Why then their love must be deceit, and their purpose to betray.—

LAURETTE.

But my birth is not inferior to his, tho' my father is now in banishment.—

MATILDA.

No!—and does he know it?

LAURETTE.

Yes ; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour : and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I shou'd have told him every thing long ago.

MATILDA.

And wou'd you, before you have inform'd your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night too?—Listen to me.

AIR.

A I R.

MATILDA AND LAURETTE.

MATILDA.

The god of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded ;
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.

LAURETTE.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.

MATILDA.

With all my heart.

The God of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded ;
'Tis to shew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.

LAURETTE.

Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father—
See—he embraces one of them—sure, those cannot be
the visitors he expected—I must go—

MATILDA.

A moment, Laurette—I have something to say to
you.

LAURETTE.

About Florestan ?

D

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

No!

LAURETTE.

Oh! then I can't stay. [*Exit, into the house.*]

MATILDA.

They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

ENTER SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, AND PILGRIMS.

SIR OWEN.

My brave friend, how rejoic'd I am to see you.—
You are well disguised indeed; I myself should never
have guess'd it was Blondel.

MATILDA.

Blondel! what do I hear. (*Aside.*)

BLONDEL.

Caution, my friend. My search wou'd be fruitless
indeed, shou'd I be discovered?—And see.

(*Pointing to Matilda.*)

SIR OWEN.

I did not observe—it is a poor blind youth, a wan-
dering minstrel who diverts the peasants.

MATILDA.

Shall I play, worthy gentleman? I have a ditty
made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he lov'd.
(*Plays.*)

SIR OWEN.

Why are you so much astonished?

BLONDEL.

That was made by my gallant master—prithee go on.

(*She Plays again.*)

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL.

Oh ! how it reminds me of happy days !—Tell me boy—where cou'd you learn that tune ?

MATILDA.

I was taught it, by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the King himself sing to it.

BLONDEL.

Even so;—he made it, for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda ; unfortunate indeed !—for passing thro' Artois, I learn'd that she had left her father's court, and fled almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized, as he return'd from Palestine.—O ! if her gallant Monarch yet lives, sure heaven will guide some of those who seek him, to the prison that immures him.

SIR OWEN.

Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

BLONDEL.

O ! no—But yesterday I pass'd the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who with a chosen band of troops, was searching to reclaim her ; and he had learn'd, that stript of her companions by perfidy, or death—deprived he had sought the sadder prison of a monastery.

MATILDA.

The Seneschal so near. (*aside*) Gracious, Sir, if my music has pleas'd you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge this night a harmless minstrel, who lost his precious fight in Palestine, and I will play all night to both you ;

BLONDEL.

Poor Youth.—He will I doubt not.

SIR OWEN.

I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But here is no danger, if yet you chuse to be unknown—my servants are all trusty, and not curious—But come, you must forget the Pilgrim awhile, and we will have a jovial health or two, and recollect old times.—Some wine there ! and seats—the evening's fair—we'll in to supper soon—and then when we're alone, you shall inform me of your travels, and all that you have heard of Richard's fortunes.

While he has been speaking, BLONDEL converses with MATILDA, who PLAYS again—SERVANTS bring Wine, Seats, &c. Others Music. Then BLONDEL seems to speak to SIR OWEN.

SIR OWEN.

The youth is right, so far.—Some prisoner of note is lodged there, doubtless—but it were wild indeed to guess it for the King.—More wine boy !—We'll have a health to Richard wherever he is—and then you shall hear a song of mine—Oh ! in England I shou'd have a fine chorus to it.

MUSIC.

BLONDEL talks to MATILDA, who seems disappointed to hear RICHARD is not likely to be in the Castle—BLONDEL bids one of the SERVANTS bring Wine to MATILDA, who calls ANTONIO and gives it to him.

MATILDA.

Antonio !

ANTONIO.

Here am I—

MATILDA

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

31

MATILDA.

Come nearer—here, drink my good boy. (*Antonio Drinks.*)

SIR OWEN.

Now then—and observe the chorus.

S O N G.

SIR OWEN.

I.

Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Palestine,
While he claims his subjects duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.

Well ! well !

Every man must have his way ;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

C H O R U S.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

II.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars ;
Conquer'd Pagan's fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day,

Well ! well !

Every man must have his way ;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

C H O R U S.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

You

III.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
 You recruit the bold crusade,
 Making zealots cross the ocean,
 In a fit of fierce devotion ;
 Pilgrims love to fast and pray,
 Well ! well !

Every man must have his way.

But to my poor way of thinking,
 There's no joy like drinking.

C H O R U S.

But to my poor way of thinking,
 There's no joy like drinking.

END OF ACT I

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Theatre represents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace inclosed by Rails and a Fossè; and so situated, that when Richard appears upon it, he cannot see Matilda, who is upon the outer Parapet.

The time, the dawn of day.

RICHARD AND FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

THE morning breaks—the fresh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's sake.—Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day.

RICHARD,

Florestan!

FLORESTAN,

Sire!

RICHARD.

Your fortune is in your power.

FLORESTAN,

Sire!—my honour is.

RICHARD.

Honour! to a traitor!—a base! perfidious—

FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

Did I believe him so, I would not serve him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.—

RICHARD.

But Florestan—

[*Florestan bows, and exits.*]

RICHARD.

Oh heart! burst not!—oh God!—oh misery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—In the vigour of my days, circled with conquering laurels, the Christians' shield! The scourge of haughty Palestine? Am I doom'd, by a vile traitor's craft, to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—O that the efforts of my fierce despair could reach the ears of my brave distant soldiers!—How would it fire their hearts to learn that their king!—their leader!—but Richard is forgot, deserted by his people—by the world!—O my glory!—O ye records of my valour!—O memory of my victories!—What do you avail? (*he looks on a picture.*)—Image of her I love!—come—O! calm, console my heart—soothe for a moment the keen sorrows that destroy me!—Image of her I love, sweet smiling witness of my former bliss!—canst thou recall my bosom's fortitude!—No—thou dost redouble all my griefs—thou art my despair.—Oh death! death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains! my freedom is my grave!

[*He walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.*]

Enter MATILDA and ANTONIO on the other side the Fosse and Parapet.

MATILDA.

Antonio, stay awhile; here on this rising ground we'll rest—I love to feel the pure fresh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

ANTONIO.

Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to [*Matilda offering to get upon the Parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall into a great moat on the other side and be drown'd.

MATILDA.

Indeed! Well, here kind boy—take this money, and go buy something for us that we may breakfast.

ANTONIO.

You have given me a great deal—

MATILDA.

Keep for yourself what is too much.

ANTONIO.

Oh, thank you!—and pray take care not to go too near the moat.

[*Exit.*]

MATILDA.

When you return we will walk to some shade—shall we?—You don't answer me—he is gone—and nearly out of sight—how quickly youth executes a willing duty.—Now then, [*lifts up the Bandeau, and raises herself on the Parapet.*] Ah! not nearer!—

E

[RICHARD

[RICHARD returns to the front of the Terrace.]

RICHARD.

A year—a year is pass'd ! hope is exhausted !

MATILDA.

How still ! how silent.—Sure if those walls enclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses.—O ! if he is here he will remember the strain—'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet shares his misery.

RICHARD.

No cheering thought ! no glimmering ray of consolation.—O memory !—O Matilda !

[MATILDA Plays.]

RICHARD.

What sounds !—heavens !—the very strain I once—
O let me hear—

MATILDA Sings.

“ One night in sickness lying,

“ A prey to grief and pain.

RICHARD.

O God, that voice !

MATILDA Sings.

“ When aid of man was vain,

“ And hope and life were flying,

“ Then came my mistress to my bed,

“ And Death and Pain and Sorrow fled.”

(She stops and raises herself to listen.)

RICHARD, while *she* sings, having expressed the extremes of surprize, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers.

RICHARD *Sings.*

“ The gentle tears soft falling
 “ Of her whom I adore,
 “ My tender hopes recalling,
 “ Did life and love restore.”

MATILDA during this answer appears greatly agitated; *she* even appears almost fainting.

MATILDA *Sings.*

“ A mighty king doth languish,
 “ Within a prison’s gloom;
 “ Ah! could I share his doom,
 “ Ah! could I soothe his anguish.”

RICHARD.

Is it Matilda?

RICHARD *Sings.*

“ Could I but view Matilda’s eyes,
 “ Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

TOGETHER.

RICHARD.

MATILDA.

The gentle tears soft falling	“ My gentle tears fast falling,
“ Of her so long ador’d,	“ For him so long ador’d,
My tender hopes recalling,	“ His tender hopes recalling,
“ Have love and life re-	“ Have love and life re-
“ stor’d.”	“ stor’d.”

After MATILDA has repeated the strain, shewing great joy, FLORESTAN and SOLDIERS appear. FLORESTAN requests the King to retire into the castle—he does so; while another party seize MATILDA, and passing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.

DUO AND CHORUS.

MATILDA, GUARDS, &c.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
Who sent thee here? Whence come, and how?

MATILDA.

Are you strangers passing near,
Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

To prison straight, to prison straight,
There he may sing early and late.

MATILDA.

Ah, good Sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to say!
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd me of my sight,
And shut me from the blessed light,

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'st thou see,
Thou should'st die by our decree.

MATILDA.

I know not what this anger's for,
I've business with the Governor;
'Tis of moment you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

You know not what our anger's for,
And wou'd speak with the Governor?

MATILDA.

'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

Well, you shall see the Governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for !
But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend a while your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the Governor ;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth ;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the Governor,
Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.

ENTER FLORESTAN.

MATILDA.

Where is the Governor ?

FLORESTAN.

Here !

MATILDA.

On which side ?

FLORESTAN.

Here !—

MATILDA.

I have something of importance to communicate to
him.

FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

MATILDA.

Ah Sir! these who have lost their sight, are half deprived of life already!—Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

FLORESTAN.

Speak then.

MATILDA.

Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail.
(*Aside.*)

FLORESTAN.

Retire. (*soldiers retire.*) We are.

MATILDA.

Then, Sir, the lovely Laurette.

FLORESTAN.

Speak lower. You may stand farther off. (*to the soldiers.*) (*Matilda expresses her joy at the success of her plan.*)

MATILDA.

The beautiful Laurette, Sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday; in which you express your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

FLORESTAN.

Well! my good friend, and what says she?

MATILDA.

She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.—

FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

At her father's house!

MATILDA.

Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, whom he means to give a fête, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you; and you may easily make a pretence for the visit.

FLORESTAN.

Tell her I will not fail—but how come she to employ you in this business?—you are blind.

MATILDA.

The less likely to be suspected—she loves to hear me cry and sing—and she has been so generous to me, I could risk any thing to serve her—besides, I brought a guide with me.

FLORESTAN.

You have manag'd extremely well—and the noise you made, I suppose was on purpose to be brought before me.

MATILDA.

For what could it be else?—But with your guards so close, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprison'd here—ha! ha!—

FLORESTAN.

Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have well done it very well—Here is a purse for—*[offers money.]*

MATILDA.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

MATILDA.

Pardon good Governor—should any one be near, and observe that you reward me, they will suspect something—

FLORESTAN.

'Tis very true.—(*he crosses by her.*)

MATILDA.

But Mr. Governor, lest they should—

FLORESTAN.

Well!

MATILDA.

O, you are on that side—I say, lest they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back.

FLORESTAN—(*Signs to the Soldiers to come down.*)

You are right—upon my life this is a very clever—tho' he is blind.

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise pray blame the guard.

FLORESTAN.

They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message—such a noise.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

Silence fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison.

Enter ANTONIO frighten'd and crying.

ANTONIO.

Ah! good Sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens so fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his fight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS. (TO MATILDA.)

Tis well for thee,
For could'st thou see,
Thou had'st died by our decree.
So haste away,
Begone I say,
And if again we catch you here,
Be assur'd 'twill cost you dear.

MATILDA.

Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

ANTONIO.

In truth if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me.

END OF ACT II.

F

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A great Hall in SIR OWEN'S House.

BLONDEL and FRIEND with SIR OWEN.

BLONDEL.

MY friend, I wou'd without profession trespass on your hospitality, but in truth, we must away—our search I do perceive is fruitless here—and till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake—therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

SIR OWEN.

I cannot blame your haste, tho' I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes, and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here 'is my little pratler Julie will join in my request.

Enter

Enter JULIE.

[She is going to speak, but seeing the Strangers, she runs to SIR OWEN and whispers him.]

SIR OWEN.

Surely my child.—She tells me she has a song which she must sing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

JULIE.

Oh, Sir—but it was to be a secret—you were not to have said a word about it yet.

SIR OWEN.

No!—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us Julie—can't you persuade them to stay.

JULIE.

They look so grave, I am afraid of them.

SIR OWEN.

Oh! go—try.

JULIE.—*[goes to Blondel and takes his hand.]*

Pray Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry.

BLONDEL.

We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

JULIE.

But indeed you shall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

SIR OWEN.

You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself.

JULIE.

Lord, Sir, that wou'd be pleasant—ha ! ha ! I should like to see you dance !

SIR OWEN.

Well you are very good however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused—it is very confiderate in you.

JULIE.

Yes, Sir, because then you wou'd have something else to do than to mind us—

SIR OWEN.

So !—very well innocent !

JULIE.

Then pray gentlemen don't go—let me intreat you to stay for our festival.

S O N G.

JULIE.

I.

Let me, gentle Pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;

Kind Sir we beg you'll deign to stay,

To hail with glee our wedding day,

All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,

Oh! what delight, wou'd you our pastimes share,

With dance and song

We'll join the throng

And banish every care;

For such a theme,

Tho' young I seem,

Yet sing I may one tender lay.

Oh! Love, O! gentlest pow'r,

Smile on the wedding hour.

II.

You see, my dear father, tho' young I can please,

The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease:

Yes, yes, I'm sure, he can't say nay,

We all shall keep this holyday;

Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,

If you but think to Julie to advance,

Altho' not yet

Tall as Laurette,

I think you'll own I can dance,

With sprightly step

I'll bound, I'll leap,

And sing all day

That happy lay,

O! Love, O! gentle pow'r,

Smile on the wedding hour.

ENTER

ENTER SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops about the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you——

SIR OWEN.

I come. (*Exit Servant.*) My friends it shall not be farewell, yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them.*]

FRIEND.

You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

BLONDEL.

Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard——

ENTER SERVANT.

SERVANT.

There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

BLONDEL.

To me?

SERVANT.

He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

BLONDEL.

——Pray let him come.—— [*Exit Servant.*]
And after we will pursue our journey.

ENTER MATILDA.

MATILDA.

How Sir? Did you doubt to see me? I have spent

the day requesting it. You shou'd not have paus'd upon it, but hear me, and alone.—

BLONDEL:

I knew not your desire sooner—but how is this good youth—you were blind yesterday?

MATILDA.

True; and ought I not to bless heaven, that the first object which presents itself to my restor'd sight is—~~as~~ Blondel!

BLONDEL,

Ha!—you know me then?

MATILDA.

Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? O! has no powerful impulse work'd upon your heart? has no instinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpose, stir'd in your alarm'd bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valor's duty? Then perish royal Richard! waste on proud soul, in base captivity—thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

BLONDEL.

What can this mean? my royal master—

MATILDA.

Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison—but hold—

[Enter

[Enter SIR OWEN *speaking to the* SENESCHAL *and two*
KNIGHTS.]

SIR OWEN.

Nay, but the youth you speak of, is——

SENESCHAL.

Matilda—my noble mistress! (*kneels*) thus let me
excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty——

BLONDEL.

Matilda!

MATILDA.

Rise Seneschal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all
she ow'd her station and a father's love—but tell them
peerless Richard was the cause—and tell them too,
that heaven at length has sanction'd what resistless love
resolv'd—away reserve—Seneschal I know your zeal,
and firm attachment to your master's friend—Sir Owen
your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton—

SIR OWEN.

We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they seem to relate what has pass'd as they range themselves behind Matilda.*]

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,¹
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

MATILDA.

'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And cou'd my heart that voice forget,
No, Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.
But long a pris'ner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

CAVALIERS.

Not long a pris'ner shall he be.

— Let us arm;

Here we swear to set him free.

Give th' alarm!

G

BLONDEL.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

BLONDEL.

Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain ;
Prudence must your rage restrain.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm.

MATILDA.

Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What shou'd be done, oh, quickly tell ;
Cavaliers, oh listen to Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Blondel ! Blondel ! it is Blondel.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

BLONDEL.

Let our deeds our friendship tell
In the battle—mark Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm, &c. &c. &c.

MATILDA.

Oh, now you give me life—O generous Sir Owen
O faithful Blondel !—and you my gallant friends
But thanks wou'd wrong you—the cause is your's.

SENESCHAL.

No moment must be lost ; the troops I head, bold
and brave, though small their number, will attempt
least whatever you command.

BLONDEL.

Our cause and valour shall supply the rest.

MATILDA.

You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man
whom gold——

SIR OWEN.

I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor in-
terest will sway.

BLONDEL.

Then force alone's our hope.

MATILDA.

Attend a moment.—Sir Owen, Florestan is ap-
priz'd, that you intend this night a rural feast; he
means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speak-
ing with Laurette.

SIR OWEN.

How!

MATILDA.

I cannot now explain this; but be assured he will be
here. Some chosen guards may then surround him,
and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

BLONDEL.

Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneschal di-
rect your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass
attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt Blondel, Seneschal, and Cavaliers.*]

MATILDA.

The just avenger of the brave inspire and guide you!

G 2

ENTER.

ENTER LAURETTE AND SERVANTS.

LAURETTE.

My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance?

SIR OWEN.

They will be here my child—fear not my dear Laurette. *(Sir Owen seems to give directions to the servants.)*

LAURETTE.

My dear Laurette, so! he's not angry with me now—my dear father *(to Sir Owen)* now I am happy! only I wish Florestan cou'd be here to night.

MATILDA——*(aside)*

Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet—'tis happy, however, that the course we have determin'd on, is free from any peril to Florestan—in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness.

[Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.]

SIR OWEN.

And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

WILLIAM.

Sir they'll be cumbersome to dance in,

SIR OWEN.

Fellow do as I bid you. *(pushes him out)* Oh, more lights here in the hall—and d'ye hear—be ready to wel-

come

come all comers—so—(calling thro' the side scene.—Ob-
serving Laurette and Matilda.) I must not however ap-
pear in their secrets yet.

T R I O.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, AND SIR OWEN.

MATILDA.—(aside to Laurette.)

Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTE.

Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to speak to me,

MATILDA.—(to Sir Owen, seeing him approach.)

We no secrets have, good Knight,
I am saying that my sight
Is again restor'd to light.

LAURETTE.—(very demurely.)

Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you,
The youth's well bred and honest too.

SIR OWEN.

I'm sure you have no mystery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTE.—(to Matilda aside.)

But does he know how well I love,
And does he swear he'll constant prove?

MATILDA.

Had you but seen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

LAURETTE.

15 RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

LAURETTE.

———Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

SIR OWEN.

What, he tells thee that his fight
Is again restor'd to light?

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you:
He is saying that his fight
Is again restor'd to light.

MATILDA.

We no secrets have, good Knight,
I am saying that my fight
Is again restor'd to light.

SIR OWEN.

What he tells thee, &c. &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

(Tabor and pipes heard behind the scenes.)

SIR OWEN.

So, our guests are at hand. My Laurette give them
welcome.

JULIE runs in.

JULIE.

They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly
dress'd—indeed, Sir, they are—and I saw the little
bride

bride myself, blushing and looking so pretty.—Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married!

LAURETTE.

Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

SIR OWEN.

And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

JULIE.

Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

SIR OWEN.

Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

JULIE.

No!—then I vow they shall all dance, swords, and helmets and all.

(She runs to meet the Peasants, who appear.)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

PEASANT.

When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,

Nothing

Nothing can afford delight;
 But the favour'd youth appearing,
 With his presence all things chearing,
 Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
 In loving bands,
 None are happy till they're pair'd,
 Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

ANTONIO.

O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
 Shade and pasture ever changing,
 Soon I tire my flock to tend;
 But if chance Collette address me,
 Toil and heat no more oppress me,
 Soon, too soon my labours end.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
 In loving bands,
 None are happy, &c. &c.

(DANCE OF PEASANTS.)

FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN *having enter'd, and requested LAURETTE to be his partner, is preparing to dance.----(Drums beat to Arms.)*

FLORESTAN.

Ha ! what do I hear !

[SIR OWEN and MATILDA'S KNIGHTS approach him.]

SIR OWEN.

Sir—you are my prisoner.

FLORESTAN.

Sir ?

SIR OWEN.

You.

FLORESTAN,

What treason is this ?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, strive no more,
Yield our King—our chief restore ;
Vain resistance—fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free.

FLORESTAN.

Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust.

[*Exeunt.*]

H

SCENE

SCENE CHANGES, and represents the Castle assaulted by Matilda's troops---Blondel and Sir Owen encouraging them---the garrison receives a reinforcement, and repels the attack with advantage---Blondel then puts himself at the head of the pioneers, and leads them to the attack---the assault continues---Richard appears on the Fortress without arms, endeavouring to free himself from three armed Soldiers---at this moment the wall falls with great noise---Blondel mounts the breach---runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards, and snatches his sword---the King seizes it---they put the rest of the Soldiers in flight--Blondel then throws himself at Richard's feet, who embraces him---at this moment is heard a loud and animating flourish of all the instruments, with the grand Chorus of Long live the King!---The besiegers then display the colours of Matilda, who appears followed by attendants, the Seneschal and all the rest of the people.--She sees Richard at liberty and led by Blondel, flies towards him and sinks in his arms!---Florestan is then conducted to the King by the Seneschal and Sir Owen--Richard returns him his sword.

[The whole of this Action passes during the march which commences immediately after the flourish and chorus of "Long live the King."

RICHARD.

Oh love! oh gratitude! you impede and not inspire my efforts to express the fond transports which swell here---Neglected by my subjects, forsaken by the thankless world.---When sorrow had beat down my heart's defence---courageous hope!---But oh! Matilda!

!—what can I say to thee, my soul's beloved! my
 liverance! my reward! (*Embraces her.*) (*To Sir*
Owen, &c.) I have more thanks to pay. My heart
 is all it owes. And when to my native England I
 turn, so may I prosper in my subjects love, as I
 perish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson
 to improve my reign—compassion should be a monarch's
 nature—I have learn'd what 'tis to need it—the poorest
 infant in my land, when misery presses, in his King
 shall find a friend.

F I N A L E.

Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
 Liberty and love we sing;
 Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
 Protect the blessings which they bring.

MATILDA—(*to Laurette and Florestan.*)

Tho' Florestan you've been just
 To your honour, to your trust,
 Nothing will your truth avail,
 Guilt with tyrants is to fail.
 A worthier fortune you may prove,
 Yield to us, Laurette, and love.
 Faithful lovers banish fear, } *joining their hands,*
 Our delight, our triumph share. } *Sir Owen assisting.*

CHORUS.

Faithful lovers, &c. &c.

TRIO.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

T R I O.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, AND BLONDEL.

No more shall doubt or sorrow

Disturb my anxious breast,

The sun that gilds to-morrow,

At length beholds me blest.

CHORUS.

Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!

Liberty and love we sing;

Oh! may they with resistless power,

Protect the blessings which they bring!

F I N I S.